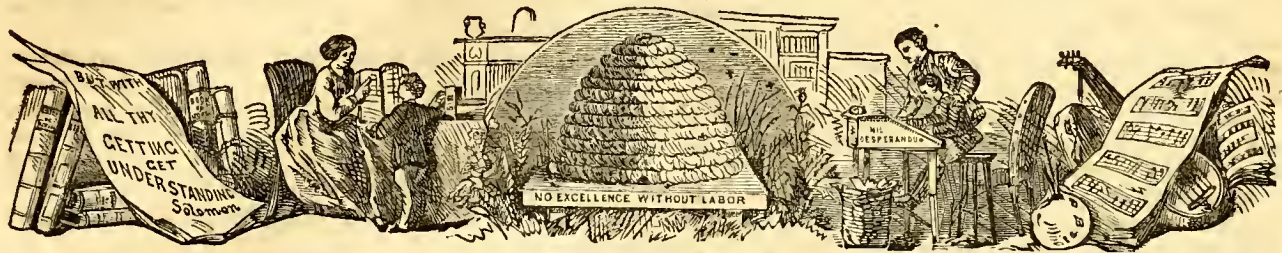


The Juvenile Instructor



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NO. 12.

THE PET LAMB.

IN this engraving, we see a little girl leading a pet lamb. Why it is called pet, is because it has been petted and caressed, and it has been taken from the flock of sheep which graze in the pasture, or on the hills and sides of the mountains, and has been nursed and fed by the children, and is very tame.

You see in the picture, the little girl has placed her arm affectionately around the lamb's neck, and in her hands she is playfully holding a wreath of flowers which she has gathered from among the weeds and grass, with which to decorate her dear little lamb. The lamb appears to be quite as well pleased with the little girl's attentions, as the little girl does in bestowing them.

Sheep are of such gentle natures, that they very seldom fail to appreciate kindness. In fact, all animals, except those

of a wild, ferocious nature, feel, more or less, the effect of human kindness, whenever it is extended to them. Dogs, cats, horses, cattle, sheep, goats, etc., feel the influence of a kind and amiable spirit; and if they are treated harshly and cruelly,

they either get discouraged and will not try to please, and grow dull and stupid; or they get crazy and hateful like their masters, and do all the mischief they can.

It always makes my heart ache to see a dumb animal cruelly treated. I never can forget a little circumstance I witnessed a few years ago.

I was traveling, and overtook something in the shape of a man (I could not with propriety call him a man, for I felt sure that he was destitute of a heart) mauling and beating a poor skeleton of a horse, that was little else than skin and bones, and trying to make it draw a load that was enough for two better fed horses to draw. The animal did its utmost, but could not accomplish the feat, although menaced with awful oaths and imprecations, as well as horrid lashes. I very modestly told



the heartless master, that something to eat would do the poor animal more good than beating. He gave me a look that plainly indicated that he held no parley with mercy. I left them, and remarked to my traveling companion, that the cruelly

abused horse would come up against that man in the day of judgment, for I well recollect hearing President Joseph Smith say, that before the curse was pronounced in the garden of Eden, the brute creation, *i. e.*, the animals that are now speechless, had the power of speech as well as men; he also said that after the curse shall have been removed, this precious gift will again be restored to them. I am thinking that many of them will have fearful tales to tell.

But now I am writing about sheep, which are not only kind and gentle, but very useful animals. We would be at a loss to know how to live without them, especially in cold climates.

All of our fine broadcloths, and very many of our dress-cloths are manufactured from the wool that grows on the sheep's back. It is cut off in the spring as soon as the weather is warm enough—it is cut with a pair of large shears, made for the purpose. Some people shear their sheep twice in the year, but when they do so, they have to take more care of them, and keep them sheltered from the cold, or they will sicken and die. It would be very cruel to rob them of their fleeces, and then leave them unprotected.

A great variety of beautiful articles for domestic use, is made of wool. Some are made of wool and silk—some of wool and cotton—some of wool and linen, etc., but wool is, at present, a staple article with us. There are several woollen factories in this Territory, which are dependent on the production of wool to keep them in operation.

Not only for its wool, which is so very useful, but the sheep serves an important purpose as an article of diet. Its meat is called mutton. When any of my young readers shall be served to a slice of "mutton chop," they will remember that they are treated to the flesh of that useful and gentle animal, and, although not the "pet" lamb, it is one of its kind.

It has been said by careful observers, that, in our dispositions we partake more or less of the nature of our food. For instance, if we live on pork, we partake of the nature of swine—if on beef, the nature of beeves, etc. I do not know how much truth there may be in such statements, but we do know that anciently, God instructed His chosen people to abstain from eating swine's flesh.

The lamb is innocent and good;
It yields us wool and wholesome food;
And in its nature is so mild,
'Tis petted by a little child.

E. R. S.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

Chemistry of Common Things.

OXYGEN.

[CONTINUED.]

WE have seen the importance of Oxygen; diluted with nitrogen it is air; combined with hydrogen it is water; and that it is also essential to all processes of combustion conducted in the open air. It is also necessary to decay; animal and vegetable substances are preserved when oxygen is excluded, we are familiar with this, according to our experience. Oysters are preserved in this form, while the air is excluded, fluids are preserved in corked bottles, etc.

Now, decay is, in reality, a very slow process of burning, we call it "oxidation," as chemists. In other words, some component part, some element of which a substance is composed, has

united to oxygen. Suppose it is carbon. Then a new compound has been formed. It is carbon plus oxygen, or in its shortest expression C_2O , for 2 atoms of oxygen unite to one atom of carbon; if hydrogen is the element separated and entered into combination, water is formed, the expression for which we have seen is H_2O .

All the time oxygen is our friend; for, although everywhere present, causing our vegetable matter, such as fruit, bread, sugar, etc., to decay; also animal matter, such as meat, fish, milk, cheese, etc., still we must remember that but for these changes no other new combinations would be possible. C_2O (carbonic acid) is the food of plants; H_2O (water) is necessary to assist in all the wonderful operations of the creations we live in!

Another thing will be well to remember; all offensive odors are made inoffensive by the changes, which are only possible by the presence of oxygen, which for this very purpose undergoes a change in its condition, forming "Ozone," which more rapidly oxidizes, or burns up organic matter.

Oxygen unites in various proportions, however; as we have seen in C_2O , when two of O to one of C is the proportion to form carbonic acid; this is called the combining proportion, or "equivalent," for, all combinations are in certain definite or exactly defined proportions.

Now, we remember that soda is a certain metal combined with oxygen; this was alluded to in the article on soap. The common soda has also carbonic acid in union, which we saw could be removed by caustic lime. Soda (the protoxide) is in fact sodium, (a metal) plus oxygen (one atom of sodium to one atom of oxygen), suppose to this we add hydro-chloric or muriatic acid, an immediate decomposition commences, and the following change takes place: the hydrogen leaves the chlorine and enters into union with the oxygen of the soda. The hydro-chloric acid is composed of one atom of chlorine to one atom of hydrogen. Can you not guess what this new combination forms? Certainly you can—it is H_2O (water;) the chlorine unites to the metal sodium *instead of oxygen* and forms table salt (chloride of sodium.)

BETH.

(To be Continued)

For the Juvenile Instructor.

Little Willie,

CHAPTER XII.

LITTLE WILLIE GROWN TO MANHOOD.

MORNING dawned. The birds, in gladness, chanted their welcome to the sun's return. Willie and his companion rose from their bed of hay feeling much refreshed. They then went to Thirsk, a town of considerable size, preached to the people in the evening, and made another appointment for one week from that date. The congregation treated them respectfully, and a gentleman of the Methodist persuasion conducted them to a house of entertainment, and engaged and paid for their lodging for the night.

Next morning Elder B— asked Willie whether he would be agreeable for him to visit his friends, who resided at Stockton-on-Tees, and proposed to meet Willie at Thirsk at the time of their next appointment. Willie was agreeable, and the matter was settled accordingly.

After breakfast they parted, Elder B— went on his pleasure

excursion, and Willie, to the duties of his calling. During the week, Willie traveled on foot over a hundred miles, returned to Thirsk and met his friend at the time appointed, where they held meeting. The gentleman who, the week before, had paid their bill of entertainment, renewed his great kindness, for which they were extremely thankful.

Next day they went to Baldersby, a small village, where they visited several families, and were very kindly treated.

An aged gentleman, a tanner by trade, invited them into his house for the purpose of conversing with them about the principles they believed in. He appeared to be satisfied with the doctrines they advanced, and finally they were invited to remain for supper, to which, of course, they had no objection.

While supper was being prepared, their host passed into the tan yard to direct matters there, and they took a stroll outside. When Willie's companion felt assured that they were alone, he said, to Willie's great astonishment, "Well, somehow or other I have taken a notion to go home." The following conversation then took place.

Willie.—"Why do you wish to go home?"

Elder B.—"Well I cannot stand this kind of a life. I have not got experience enough."

Willie.—"Well, now, if you will be advised by me, you will stay right where you are. If you want experience you will get it. 'Earth affords no better school.' Remember, he that setteth his hand to the plow and then turneth back, is not fit for the kingdom."

Elder B.—"Well, I can't help it, I must go."

Willie.—"You and I were sent here by the authority of the Almighty to perform a mission. If those who sent me, wish me back, they must send for me, or I will not return. I would rather remain and perish like a dog in a ditch."

After making this last remark, and driving so firm a stake, Willie felt a very peculiar impression, an inward whispering as if some one said, "Now, Willie, that is a very firm stake, some day you will be tried to see, whether you will not pull it up."

Supper was announced ready. The conversation closed, and Willie and his companion repaired to their seats at the table. After supper they returned to Thirsk.

On their way, Willie's companion remarked that while he was visiting his friends, he heard some of them say that a person named Stanger, who resided at Faceby, a village about seventeen miles from Thirsk, had read the Book of Mormon, and wished to see a Mormon Elder.

Next morning Willie accompanied his companion to the Railway Station, when they shook hands and parted. After the parting Willie felt very lonely. He was then a long way from home and friends, and without money. Besides this, the one whom he had expected would share his toils had now left him to battle with the opposition of the world alone. While feeling cast down with these reflections, he remembered the remark of his friend the evening before, concerning the gentleman at Faceby who wished to see a Mormon Elder. This remark fastened itself upon Willie's mind, and he felt very forcibly impressed to go to Faceby. Finally he started. About noon he arrived at the entrance of a narrow lane, leading up to the village.

When he entered this lane he slackened his pace. Faceby was in sight. Willie wondered in what way he could best introduce himself. He hardly felt certain that Stanger was the name of the person that he sought to find. And then, if Stanger proved to be the right name, and he had the good fortune to find the gentleman how could he introduce himself? what could he possibly say to him? He had never seen the man whom he sought, neither had he any letter of introduction.

As he neared the village his embarrassment increased. Just then at a short turn of the road, he met an aged lady, whom

he addressed as follows: "Please madam, can you tell me whether there is a resident in this village named Mr. Stanger?" The lady pointed to a farm house that wore rather an ancient appearance, and answered "Mr. Stanger lives in that house."

Willie opened the garden gate, went down the foot-path to the house, and gently rapped at the door; a middle aged gentleman answered the call.

Willie.—"Is this Mr. Stanger's residence?"

Mr. S.—"Yes, sir."

Willie.—"Are you the gentleman?"

Mr. S.—"I am, sir."

Willie.—"I have been informed that you have read the Book of Mormon, also that you have desired to see an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I have the honor to be one, sir, and have taken the liberty to call upon you."

Mr. S.—"You have been rightly informed, will you please come in sir." Willie walked in, and Mr. S.—introduced him to his sister, who was keeping house for him.

Mr. S.—"Are you hungry sir?"

Willie.—"I am, sir."

Mr. S.—Addressing his sister, he said "Mary, get this gentleman a good dinner." Mary did so, and Willie did justice to a farmer's substantial meal.

WM. W. B.

(To be Continued.)

SABBATH SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

WE have perused, with much pleasure, odd numbers of several different manuscript magazines, written and edited by the teachers and scholars of our various Sunday Schools. We are pleased to notice these efforts, and believe them to be very valuable both to the teachers and scholars, tending to develop in the minds of our young, a taste for literary composition, and an understanding of the laws of our language, that cannot be so readily acquired, by simply drifting through an elementary grammar book. To the teacher they must prove very serviceable in aiding to maintain an interest in the school.

A copy of the Third Ward Sunday School Gazette, now lies before us. It is an unpretending little journal; and its contributors are very youthful. From its pages we make the following extracts:

"As a member of this school, I'll do the best I can:

Be a good boy, now, while I'm young, and grow a useful man.

So help me, as I travel on, my teachers and my friends,
And if I blindly make mistakes, I'll try and make amends,
I'll try and learn my lessons all, and try to them recite,
I'll try and act as you teach me, and all good thoughts invite.
May all be blest who guide the young, and show the better way,

Who teach us to divide our time, 'twixt study, sleep and play."
D. R. ST. CLAIR.

"BAPTISM AND OBEDIENCE.—School-mates, how many of us have been baptized? and what did we promise when we were baptized? We promised that we would be good children, and obey our parents. Do we do it? I do not think all of us obey our parents and teachers as we ought to do. Let us try to improve. Now, school mates, if we have been in the habit of disobeying our parents or our teachers, it is time to begin to do better. What were we baptized for? For the remission of our sins. Let us try to for-ake them, for surely it is a great sin and displeasing in the sight of God to be disobedient; let us try to overcome all our bad habits, and then we shall grow up to be useful instruments in the Church and Kingdom of God and shall be loved and respected by all good men and women."
MISS E. EARDLY.

There's beauty all around our paths, if but our watchful eyes
Might trace it 'mid familiar things, and in a lowly guise.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, : EDITOR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1869.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

CHAPTER XII.

OUR position was a disagreeable one; we had scarcely a mouthful of food, our clothing was very scanty and we had no tents to shelter us from the storm. My constant walking had worn out my boots, and for some time I had been compelled to use moccasins; but these were so badly worn that my feet were bare. To add to the painfulness of my position I arose that morning very sick. By putting the bedding together the brethren contrived to spare a blanket or two to cover a little shanty which they raised over our sleeping place, and I was very glad to crawl under this and lie the greater part of the day.

The snow continued to fall steadily, and it was useless to think of moving, yet hunger gnawed at our vitals, and any kind of food would have tasted sweet to us. Several hunted game with great perseverance; and though they saw and shot at several black-tailed deer, they were unable to secure one. An owl came within the reach of the rifle of one of the men and it was shot. A well-fed man or boy would turn up his nose at the bare mention of eating an owl. But I can assure you, my little readers, that it is not bad eating—when one is starving. Being sick, the privilege of drinking some of the soup was accorded to me as a favor. It was the nicest dish of soup I had ever tasted. No chicken soup had ever been relished like this, and it did me good. Sharp hunger makes food taste wonderfully sweet; a piece of a donkey or of a dog eats very well when one is very hungry. I know this, for I have tried them both.

Through the night the snow continued to descend, and our surroundings gave a much greater degree of earnestness and fervor than usual to our prayers. The next morning as soon as we had attended to prayers, Brother Rich started out from camp, feeling led to go in a certain direction. He had not been gone long when he came back, carrying on his shoulders a good sized deer, which he had found lying dead in the bushes. It was one that had been shot the previous day. Two more were also found by other brethren and brought into camp. A feeling of thankfulness to the Lord, for the supply which He had given us, filled our hearts, and universal cheerfulness prevailed.

The next day we moved on, and that night it was decided that those of the company who had the strongest animals should push on ahead, as it was thought that from the point where we then were they could travel to the settlements at least one day quicker than we could possibly do with the weaker animals. By so doing there would be more provisions for those who remained. Brother Rich offered to stay with the hinder part of the company; but all felt that he should go in ahead.

There were eleven of us left to travel as the hinder part of the company. In those days cattle roamed over the plains of California in countless herds. The chief value of a beef was his hide. We knew this, and had made our calculations that if we should come within shooting distance of cattle we would not hesitate to kill a beef, and settle for it with the owner as

soon as we reached his ranch. But we were spared the necessity of doing this. As we were trudging wearily along, ascending the Cajon Pass of the Sierra Nevada, we met Brother Henry Gibson, who had gone ahead with the other part of the company, coming back to hunt a mule which had strayed off.

He told us the welcome news that we would find a wagon loaded with provisions at the camping place in the kanyon on the other side of the Pass. The wagon had been loaded and sent out by a Mr. Williams, for the purpose of selling food to the people who were coming in. This intelligence imparted new strength to us, and made us almost forget our fatigue.

A fire was speedily kindled after reaching the camping place, and while the bread was being baked, numerous slices of beef were cut off and broiled. Luckily the flour was unbolted, for had we eaten fine flour as freely as we did that, it might have killed us. I cannot state positively what quantity our mess ate; but I recollect that the other mess, five in number, bought fifteen pounds of flour, and in the morning they had none left for breakfast! Besides the flour, they had eaten a large quantity of meat! We were as hungry as they, and I think that we must have eaten as heartily.

We soon reached Williams' Ranch, distant some few miles from the town of Los Angeles, where we found Bro. Rich and the other brethren who had preceded us. Brother Rich secured us a job, and we remained there about one month, working. Food was plentiful; we could buy a fat steer for three dollars; and we soon got satisfied, and were contented with an ordinary meal. After we reached Williams' Ranch I was taken sick, and narrowly escaped death. I fully believe my life was saved through the Elders laying hands upon me and administering to me.

Through the influence of Brother Rich and Captain Hunt, ox teams were bought on credit, with which a number of us, under the leadership of Major Howard Egan, proceeded up the coast. Those of the company who had mules went up as a pack company; they were accompanied by General Rich and Captain Hunt.

My "trip to California" is now ended, and I do not purpose to carry my readers any further, at least at present. My description of this trip might have been embellished and made more exciting; but I have preferred to give a simple recital of incidents which actually occurred, leaving to my readers' imaginations the labor of supplying the details.

I have been much interested in traveling in my mind over the ground again. I find it more pleasant to travel to California in this manner, than to travel with pack animals or to walk. May I hope that my readers have found the journey, which we have made together in this manner, interesting and profitable? There is one lesson which I trust has been impressed upon all by the perusal of this narrative,—that when a company or people follow the guidance of an inspired servant of God they can rely upon the protection and deliverance of the Lord.

LITTLE THINGS.—Little things and little people, says Dr. Chalmers, have often brought great things to pass. The large world in which we exist is made up of little particles as small as sand on the sea-shore. The vast sea is composed of small drops of water. The little busy bees, how much honey they gather! Do not be discouraged because you are little. A little star shines brightly in the sky on a dark night, and may be the means of saving many a poor sailor from shipwreck; and a little Christian may do a great deal of good, if he or she will try. There is nothing like trying.

AN unkind word dropped from the tongue cannot be brought back again, even by a coach and six.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

THE OTTER.

THE picture given below, represents an otter, with a fish in its mouth. These curious animals are very fond of fish, indeed quite as fond of them as boys and girls generally, are of ripe cherries and strawberries. Of course, being so partial to fish, and living a great part of the time in the water, the otter is a first rate fisherman, and sportsmen have, now and then, tried to tame it, and teach it to catch fish for their benefit. But it is a very difficult task to domesticate the otter, and to do it effectually it must be caught very young, and gradually taught to live on bread and milk. When it has learned to like the bread and milk, it is then taught to fetch and carry, just as dogs are trained, and when it has learned this lesson well, a leather fish stuffed with wool is used as the article to be



carried, next a dead fish is employed, and the animal is chastised if he attempts to tear it. At last it is sent into the water after living fish. Bishop Heber thus relates how he saw these animals used in the East Indies.

"We passed, to my surprise, a row of no less than nine or ten large and very beautiful otters, tethered with straw collars and long strings to bamboo stakes on the banks (of the Matta Colly). Some were swimming about at the full extent of their strings, or lying half in and half out of the water; others were rolling themselves in the sun on the sandy bank, uttering a shrill whistling noise, as if in play. I was told that some of the fishermen in this neighborhood kept one or more of these animals, who were almost as tame as dogs, and of great use in fishing: sometimes driving the shoals into the nets, sometimes bringing out the larger fish with their teeth. I was much pleased and interested with the sight."

The otter is about two feet long from the nose, to the root of the tail, which is itself about fifteen inches long. The body is lengthened out and much flattened, and the tail is flat and broad; the legs are short and strong, but can be turned in any direction when swimming. Its feet are broad, and the toes are connected by a complete web. This makes it so good a swimmer and diver. Its teeth are sharp and strong. It has a black nose and long whiskers, and very small eyes and ears. Its skin is protected by a compact fur, which consists of two kinds of hair, one long, stiff and shining, the other extremely fine and soft. Its color is generally of a greyish brown.

G. R.

A PERSON good at making excuses is seldom good for much else.

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

IMMEDIATELY after the nomination Joseph proceeded to get out a pamphlet, entitled, "Views on the Powers and Policy of the Government of the United States." In the first four paragraphs he showed plainly where he stood on the slavery question. They read as follows:

"Born in a land of liberty, and breathing an air uncorrupted with the sirocco of barbarous climes, I ever feel a double anxiety for the happiness of all men, both in time and in eternity.

"My cogitations, like Daniel's, have for a long time troubled me when I viewed the condition of men throughout the world, and more especially in this boasted realm, where the Declaration of Independence 'holds these truths to be self evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness;' but at the same time some two or three millions of people are held as slaves for life, because the spirit of them is covered with a darker skin than ours; and hundreds of our own kindred for an infraction, or supposed infraction, of some over-wise statute, have to be incarcerated in dungeon glooms, or suffer the more moral penitentiary gravitation of mercy in a nutshell, while the duelist, the debauchee and the defaulter for millions, and other criminals, take the uppermost rooms at feasts, or, like the bird of passage, find a more congenial clime by flight.

"The wisdom which ought to characterize the freest, wisest and most noble nation of the nineteenth century, should, like the sun in his meridian splendor, warm every object beneath its rays; and the main efforts of her officers, who are nothing more or less than the servants of the people, ought to be directed to ameliorate the condition of all, black or white, bond or free; for the best of books says, 'God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth.'

"Our common country presents to all men the same advantages, the same facilities, the same prospects, the same honors and the same rewards; and without hypocrisy, the Constitution, when it says, 'WE, THE PEOPLE of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America,' meant just what it said, without reference to color or condition, *ad infinitum*."

But though he was not in favor of slavery, he did not want the owners of slaves to be plundered or oppressed. His plan was one, which if it had been carried out, would have saved an immense amount of blood and treasure, and preserved the Union in peace. On this subject he said:

"Petition, also, ye goodly inhabitants of the slave States, your legislators to abolish slavery by the year 1850, or now, and save the abolitionist from reproach and ruin, infamy and shame.

"Pray Congress to pay every man a reasonable price for his slaves, out of the surplus revenue arising from the sale of public lauds, and from the deduction of pay from the members of Congress.

"Break off the shackles from the poor black man, and hire him to labor like other human beings; for 'an hour of virtuous liberty on earth is worth a whole eternity of bondage.'"

"The Southern people are hospitable and noble. They will help to rid so free a country of every vestige of slavery, whenever they are assured of an equivalent for their property."

Respecting the management of public affairs and the proper policy to be pursued, he made the following observations:

"Now, O people! people! turn unto the Lord and live, and reform this nation. Frustrate the designs of wicked men. Reduce Congress at least two-thirds. Two Senators from a State and two members to a million of population will do more business than the army that now occupy the halls of the national Legislature. Pay them two dollars and their board per diem, (except Sundays). That is more than the farmer gets, and he lives honestly. Curtail the officers of Government in pay, number, and power; for the Philistine lords have shorn our nation of its goodly locks in the lap of Delilah.

"Petition your State Legislatures to pardon every convict in their several penitentiaries, blessing them as they go, and saying to them, in the name of the Lord, *Go thy way, and sin no more.*

"Advise your legislators, when they make laws for larceny, burglary, or any felony, to make the penalty applicable to work upon roads, public works, or any place where the culprit can be taught more wisdom and more virtue, and become more enlightened. Rigor and seclusion will never do as much to reform the propensities of men as reason and friendship. Murder only can claim confinement or death. Let the penitentiaries be turned into seminaries of learning, where intelligence, like the angels of heaven, would banish such fragments of barbarism. Imprisonment for debt is a meaner practice than the savage tolerates, with all his ferocity. *'Amor vincit omnia.'* (Love conquers all.)" * * *

(To be Continued.)

THE STORY OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

Selected from Jacob Abbott's Writings.

[CONTINUED.]

THE surrender of an army of seven thousand men is a very imposing ceremony. On the morning of the appointed day, the American and French armies were drawn up on the sides of a road leading from Yorktown. The French were on one side, and the Americans on the other. The lines extended for more than a mile. The British troops were to march out between them. An immense concourse of people assembled from all the surrounding country to witness the scene.

Lord Cornwallis had made himself the dread of the whole southern country by the devastations he had made, and he had come into Virginia with the design of continuing there, his career of terror and destruction. The people, of course, exulted with double joy in the dreadful retribution that had now overtaken him.

The assembled multitude, however, did not have an opportunity to see their great enemy himself. He was sick when the morning came, or pretended to be sick, and so did not appear. Indeed, he was so overwhelmed with vexation and despair that he was, perhaps, really unable to leave his room; so he sent one of his generals in his stead, to carry his sword, and deliver it up to General Washington, this being an essential part of the ceremony observed on all such occasions.

The surrender of this army virtually put an end to the war. During the eight years that had elapsed since hostilities commenced at Lexington and Bunker Hill, the country had been increasing in wealth and population, notwithstanding all the waste and destruction the war had occasioned, and was now stronger than ever before. This was the second large British army that had been captured, and comparatively few troops now remained in the country. Even those few were closely shut up in places distant from each other, so that they were isolated and helpless. Besides this, a large portion of the people of England began to be tired of the war, and to wish to have it abandoned. The government was thus at last compelled to submit. They were exceedingly reluctant to come to this conclusion, but they found that come to it they must, and accordingly, in the fall of 1783, a treaty of peace was signed, in which the independence and freedom of the United States of America was fully acknowledged by the government of Great Britain. This treaty is generally called the treaty of Paris. Treaties

between nations are very often named after the place at which they were formed. This treaty was made at Paris. The representatives of the American colonies were there and met the representatives of the British government, and together they drew up the treaty of peace. A treaty is, in fact, a contract between two nations. After the terms of this treaty had been discussed and settled upon by the commissioners, it was executed by them on behalf of their respective governments.

Thus peace and the independence of the United States were at last established.

As soon as peace between England and America was established by the treaty of 1783, and the independence of the nation was acknowledged by the mother country, [the question at once arose what arrangements should be made for the future government of the United States. There had been no time to think much on the subject during the continuance of the war. A great many difficulties had been experienced for want of some well organized general government, but there was no opportunity to attempt to provide any remedy for them until peace was declared. The subject was then taken up at once in serious earnest.

In order to understand the case fully, we must remember that hitherto the Congress, though they exercised a sort of general superintendence over the affairs of the war, were, after all, not a government. They were only, as it were, a committee. Their functions were almost precisely those of a joint committee chosen by a number of different powers to transact certain business of common interest to all. In respect to measures involving the action of different states, they had no actual powers whatever. They could only recommend. It devolved on the several states to determine, each for itself, how far they would comply with these recommendations after they were made. The patriotism, and the public spirit of the country produced, it is true, a great deal of unanimity in the states while the war continued, so that the evils resulting from the want of a general organization, empowered to act as well as to advise, though serious, were not fatal. It was very evident, however, that in a long continued time of peace so inefficient a system as that would not answer at all.

The question was what was to be done. Two plans of government suggested themselves at once in such circumstances.

1. To consider each one of the several states as entirely sovereign and independent; and to organize for each one a separate government, so that each should be distinct from all the rest, just as the different nations of Europe are distinct from each other. There were good reasons for this plan, for the states extended over a region widely diversified in climate and soil, as well as in the pursuits, and manners, and customs of the inhabitants, and a system of government and laws that would be adapted to one portion of the country would not be suitable to another; and, therefore, it seemed desirable that each state should have a government of its own.

2. To abolish the distinction of states altogether, and form one great and united nation, with one government to rule over all would be doing substantially what had been done in the British Empire. In former times, England, Scotland, and Ireland were three separate states, each having its own independent government; but they have, in modern times, been merged into one, and the distinctions exist now only in name.

There were good reasons for this plan too. One great nation is much more powerful in defending itself from enemies in time of war than a number of small ones. It was plain, too, that there were several other departments of government, besides that of military defense, that could be more conveniently managed in one system covering the whole country; such as dealing with the tribes of Indians, buying and settling the lands in the interior of the country, regulating commerce with foreign nations

and organizing and working the post office. Thus, for these general purposes, it was best to have one general government uniting the whole country; but for the convenience and satisfaction of the mass of the people in the ordinary arrangements of daily life, it was best to have separate governments, so that each state might manage its affairs in its own way.

Thus, so far as dealings with foreign nations were concerned, it would be better to have a union of the whole country under one government; but so far as related to internal regulations and laws, it would be better to have a separate government for each individual state.

(To be Continued.)

THREE NOBLE CHILDREN.

BEAUTIFUL beyond expression to me is the devotion of children to each other, and to what they feel to be duty.

Here is a paper from New Brunswick, in the British Provinces, for instance, that has a story to tell,—a story so touching that as I read it, I seem to see how the genius that can imagine it is not so high as the genius that can do.

Three children there got astray. One was about six years of age, the others, four and three. It was a wild region, and in wild weather, and at the edge of night. From signs, it seems that the six-year-old child soon felt sure that there was no hope of being found, or finding themselves that night, and so it took measures at once for the safe keeping of the little ones. Putting them in the most sheltered nook it could find, it then stripped away the most of its own garments to put on them, and set out to find dry seaweed and brush to cover them up and defend them. Quite a quantity of this had been gathered and piled about the babes in a sort of nest, and there they lay when the people found them, still alive, but the six-year-old mother and martyr lay out on the shore dead of the cold—lay beside the last pile of brush it had been able to gather, but had not been able to bring in.

Here, again, the English papers bring another instance of this high devotion of a little one now at rest under the green-sward in a country church in Newcastle.

Several children were playing on the track of the great Northern Railway, when an engine and tender came rapidly up the road, and the elder ones started to run out of the way. One of these, a small girl, had two small children in charge. These she left in her first spasm of self-preservation, but when she had gone a step or two, was caught of this devotion to her duty I am trying to tell about, went back for them, and had just time to bring them to a space between the track and platform, and so to save their lives; but she herself was—well, she never knew she was hurt. I suppose when she came to herself it was not the black country and the railroad she saw, and the inky Tyne, but sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, and the rivers of the water of life, and the angels.

I believe, besides this, this week I will only tell a story I once told to some children.

Away off in Edinburgh, two gentlemen were standing at the door of a hotel one very cold day, when a little boy, with a poor, thin, blue face, his feet bare and red with the cold, and with nothing to cover him but a bundle of rags, came and said:

"Please sir, buy some matches."

"No, I don't want any," the gentleman replied.

"But they are only a penny a box," the little fellow pleaded.

"Yes, but you see we don't want a box," the gentleman said.

"Then I will give two boxes for a penny," the boy said at last.

"And so to get rid of him," the gentleman, who tells the story in an English paper, says, "I bought a box," but then I found I had no change, so I said:

"I will buy a box to-morrow."

"Oh! do buy them to night, if ye please, the boy pleaded, 'I will rin and get ye the change, for I am vera hungry.'"

"So I gave him the shilling, and he started away; and I waited for him, but no boy came. Then I thought I had lost my shilling; but still there was that in the boy's face I trusted, and I did not like to think bad of him. Well, late in the evening a servant came and said a little boy wanted to see me. When he was brought in, I saw it was a smaller brother of the boy that got my shilling, but, if possible, still more poor and ragged than he. He stood a moment diving into his rags, as if seeking something, and then said.

"Are you the gentleman that bought the matches frae Sandie?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, here's fourpence out o' yer shillin'. Sandie canna come; he's no well. A cart ran over him and knocked him doon, and he lost his bonnet and his matches, and your sevenpence; and both his legs are broken; and he's no weel at a', and the doctor says he'll dee. And that's all he can gie ye noo,' putting fourpence down on the table, and then the poor child broke down into great sobs.

"So I fed the little man," the gentleman goes on to say; "and then I went with him to see Sandie. I found that the two little things lived with a wretched, drunken stepmother; their own father and mother were both dead. I found poor Sandie lying on a bundle of shavings. He knew me as soon as I came in, and said:

"I got the change, and was coming back, and then the horse knocked me doon, and both my legs are broken. And, O, Reuby, little Reuby! I am sure I am dee'in! and who'll take care o'ye Reuby, when I am gane? And what will ye do Reuby?"

"Then I took the poor little sufferer's hand and told him I would always take care of Reuby. He understood me, and had just strength to look at me, as if he would thank me; and then the light went out of his blue eyes, and in a moment—

"He lay within the light of God."

—Selected.

THE ROSY FEATHER STAR.

THE little creature that bears this pretty name is one of the most beautiful of ocean gems.

His body is shaped like a small cup, from the edge of which spring ten of the most lovely feathery arms you can imagine, all bright rose-color with spots of yellow. These arms he spreads out and curls over at the ends, much like an ostrich feather, giving the little creature a most elegant appearance; or he can draw them down so as to look like an exquisite flower-bud.

When the feather star is a baby he is seated on a long kind of stem fastened to the rock, and this stem waving to and fro in the water makes him look more than ever like a flower. So much so indeed, that when he is found dead and turned to stone—as he is sometimes—he is called a lily-stone.

But when he manages to live through babyhood, and becomes full-grown, he leaves his rocking cradle and swims about at pleasure, or holds on to the rocks by his tiny legs, which come through the bottom of his cup, and are about the size of a common thread.

The beautiful creature has a large mouth hidden somewhere about him, and many are the crabs and tiny fishes that find their way into it.

In fact, I suppose I must tell you that men who study the habits of these little creatures call them by the unpleasant name of scavengers. They perform the same use in the sea that our scavenger men perform in cities.

While we would be pleased to see such lovely creatures feeding upon dew and honey, it is much more beautiful to know that not even the most insignificant insect is useless, but each has his place and duty assigned him by the wise and good Creator of all.

Correspondence.

We insert, with pleasure, the following letter from a few of our little friends,
NORTH OGDEN, June 10th, 1869.

EDITOR, "JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR:"

Dear Brother:—We hail with joy the re-appearance of the "Juvenile" after, what has seemed to us, a long absence. It is used as a Reader, in our day school, in the third and fourth reader classes. Had it not been for the "Juvenile," with its tasty variety of subjects, we should have grown tired, long ago, of reading about monkeys, dogs, cats, etc., in Wilson's Readers. Our esteemed teacher explains the contents of the "Juvenile" to us, and we learn something new and good in every lesson. Besides this, it makes our reading books last much longer and enables us to read them better. We are striving to do what the "Juvenile" teaches, viz: to improve our time, and qualify ourselves to become bright men and women in the kingdom of God. We are proud to say that our day school keeps in session all the year round, and that we have a good teacher, whom we highly esteem.

We are taught reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, writing from dictation, grammar, geography, music, and, best of all, the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ. God speed the "Juvenile," is the prayer of

Your loving little brothers and sisters,

G. S. DEAN.
N. BARKER.
P. B. WILLIAMS.
M. M. MECHAM.
S. RANDALL.
E. BERRETT.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

CHARADES.

BY JOSEPH S. THORNTON.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 9, 10, 7, is a part of the body.
My 8, 5, 6, is a nickname.
My 3, 11, 2, 1, is a bird.
My 4, 12, 1, is a fowl.
My whole is a State in the Union.

BY WILLIAM HUNTER.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 4, 11, 9, is a part of the face.
My 8, 7, 5, 6, is a metal.
My 1, 10, 3, 4, 3, 1, is a man's name.
My 2, 7, 12, 6, crowns the human frame.
My whole is a far famed city in the eastern States.

The answer to the Charade in No. 10 is PROVIDENCE.

Selected Poetry.

VOICES OF ANGELS.

In a corner playing
Sat my little May,
Playing with a kitten
In a merry way.

All at once, upspringing—
Hushed her noisy glee—
Said she: "Mamma, darling!
Did you speak to me?"

"No," I answered, wond'ring
At the strange surprise
Shadowing the beauty
Of her tender eyes.

"Then it was an angel;"
And her voice dropped down,
And the lashes, drooping,
Touched her cheeks of brown—

Brown with summer kisses—
And she bent her head;
'I was hurting Kitty;
'Don't!' a low voice said.

"Was it not an angel?"
"Yes, they're always near,"
Said I, "Speaking to us,
If we'll only hear.

"In our hearts their voices,
Very sweet and low,
Urging love and duty,
We may always know.

"In our hearts, when straying
From the better way,
Words of earnest warning
We may hear them say.

"Always heed them, darling,
For it is the Lord
Present with the angels—
Speaking in their word."

Wherever in this world we are,
In whatso'er estate,
We have a fellowship of hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom we wait.

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Elder Wm. H. Shearman, Logan, will act as General Agent for Cache Valley.

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